



KEPPEL for ever!

SMILE, smile, Britannia smile,
On Admiral Keppel smile,
Thy darling son:
With laurels crown his head,
Go, Fame, his glory spread,
His name Monfieurs do dread,
From him they run.

Goree, th' Havannah too,
Where shot in showers flew,
Keppel so bold,
In the midst of the fray,
He to his men did say,
We'll shew them British play,
And share their gold.

Tho' he's been false-accus'd,
His character abus'd,
Still he's the thing:
Keppel, these forty years,
Has served in the wars,
Fear'd neither wounds nor fears,
For George, his king.

But Twitcher and his crew,
I mean his dupe, Sir You,
Wicked their scheme!
To try Keppel did call,
Thro' malice, that was all,
Lucifer's pride must fall,
Like Adm'ral Byng.

Bonfires, bells did ring,
Keppel was all the ding,
Music did play:
Windows with candles in,
All for to honour him,
People aloud did sing,
Keppel! huzza!

May he draw his sword again
In defence of George his king,
And country's right:
On board the Victory
Again his flag does fly,
Monfieurs will feel, by and by,
If he will fight.

Go, go, thou base Sir You,
Vice-adm'ral of the Blue,
Pr'vthee be still:
O! what a wicked dog,
To splice the very log!
Give him, instead of grog,
A leaden pill.